

Names in the Foreign Office on the Danish Question.

To do or not to do; that is the question:—Whether 'tis wiser in a State, to suffer, The chaff and swagger of outrageous Bismarck; Or to take arms against a host of Germans, And, by opposing, smash them!—make war— to fight;

No more; and, by a right, to say we end This musing, and these thousand awful shocks To our property,—a consumption Devoutly to be wished! Make war,—to fight;— To fight perchance to pay;—aye, there's the rub; For in that fighting time what bills may come, When we have shuffled off this modest budget, Must give us pause; there's the respect

That makes humiliation of long peace; For who would bear the quips and scorns of Beust The Austrian's wrong, the Prussian's contumely, The pangs of outraged Poles, the Frank's delay, The insolence of Russia, and the spurns That patient Europe of her tyrants takes,

When he himself might their quietus make With a bare Whitworth? Who would Cobden bear, To groan or blush under a doubtful peace;

But that the dread of something after war,— Th' unquieting outlay, from whose depth No halpeny returns—puzzles the will; And makes us rather hear those Brights we have, Than fly to Ellenbroughs we know too well?

Thus take us do make cowards of us all; And thus the native line of Palmerston Is sickled over with the pale cast of Gladstone;

And iron-clads of greatest armament, With this regard, their statesly heads turn home, And scuttle out of action.—Soft you, now! Fair Alexandra—Nymph, in thy orisons

Do all my ships remastered; Danish Lady, Good, my Lord,

How does your lordship since this conference?

H. I. humbly thank you; tolerably well.

D. L. My Lord, I have certain promises of yours

That I have long due to months to re-deliver;

I pray you now receive them.

H. N. Not I;

I never gave you aught.

D. L. My honor'd lord, you know right well you did;

And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd,

As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,

Take these again; for to the noble mind Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove un-kind.

There, my lord,

H. Ha! am I honest!

D. L. My lord!

M. Am I fair?

[Exit doubtful.] J. W.
[London Examiner.]

Captain Semmes, C. S. A. N.

JUNE 19, 1864.

Out of Cherbourg harbor, one clear Sunday morning, the cavalier Captain Semmes, with his cap a-neck, sailed from the friendly Frenchman's dock. Gaily along the Rebel came, Under the flag of the cross of shame; Knight of the handkerchief and bushy lash, He twisted the point of his red mustache, And, as we, in English not over nice, To sink our Yankee senn in a trice, Or burn our ship, as the thing might be, When the eyes of Cherbourg all should see. "Heigh-ho! you don't say so!" Whispered his friend, little Jean Crapeau.

Semmes has been a wolf of the deep For many a day to harmless sheep; Ships he scuttled and burned, Watched pattered and pockets turned; And all his plunders, bonds, and gold, He left for his Gallic friend to hold. A little over prudent was he For a cavalier of high degree; And Raphael Semmes don't sound, indeed, As if it came of the purple seed; But all the blood in his veins was blue, And his clay was porcelain through and through. "Heigh-ho! the Lord doth know We are but dirt, and our blood's so-so."

What will the doughty Captain do With his British ship, his British crew, His gunners, trained in the Excellent, The guns his cousin Blakely sent. His shot and shell at Woolwich made, What will he do with the whole parole! Up to the top of his cliff Crepeau Had clambered to see the Sunnay show; And his brother Bull in his fancy yacht, stood on and over the hated spire, And right across the bold Captain's way The Kezarious steamed in her war array. "Heigh-ho!" said Semmes, "Let's blow That craft to splinters before we go."

Semmes had heard, with his lip a-curl, In Cherbourg, that some Northern churl, Backed by a gang of onion-eaters, Waited the noble negro-busters. Shop-keeping, peddling, vulgar knaves, To stick their heads into open graves! "S' death! 'E wounds! Ods lookins! Ha! what then?"

Will they dare to fight with gentlemen? Oh had my lance and shield and things, With which I tilted at Spurif Springs! Or a troop of horse marines! Of course, A knight is nothing without his horse."

"Heigh-ho! this seemed to show Our hero's spirit were running low.

Straight out to sea the Kezarious drew, And Semmes, who followed all that flow, Followed, perhaps by some mistake, Close in his foeman's frothing wake.

But when three leagues were grimed from shore, Slowly and grimly the Yankees wore;

And our stony legions leaped above,

Round which the wind, like a fluttering dove,

Cooed low, and the sunshine of God's day like an open blessing on it lay;

So we felt our friendless ship would fight.

Heigh-ho! 'tis well to know What looks on the deeds done here below.

Semmes led the waltz and struck the cue: Shots at the sea and at the moon The swishing, wasteful cavalier, Scattered around him far and near.

The saving Yankees squandered not An ounce of powder or pound of shot.

They held their peace till the guns would tell, Then out they burst like the mouths of hell.

Terrible! horrible! how they tore The Alabam, until the gore

From her bursting sepoys smoked and sti-vanned, The dying grampus and the wounded screamed!

"Heigh-ho!" said Semmes, "let's show The Yankees the heels we boast of so."

Seven times in that deadly round Sped the ships to the cannone's sound.

The vulture, through the smoke and din, Saw the eagle's circles narrowing in;

And every time her pivot roared The fatal bomb-shells came straight aboard.

His helm was useless, his engine failed,

His powder was wet, his Britons quailed;

And in his course, like a warning hand, Stretched forth the flag of his outraged land.

In vain he hoisted his sails to flee;

For each foot he sailed his fo'e sailed three.

"Heigh-ho!" why here's a blow," Said Semmes as he hauled his flag down.

Well was it for this cavalier,

That brother Bull was lying near.

His vessel with a haughty curl

Turned up her nose, and in the whirl Of the white sea, stern-formost, tore

As if in scorn of the crew she bore.

Then the thrifty Briton launched his boat,

To pick up aught that might be afloat,

And amongst other less precious spoil,

Fished worthless Semmes from his watery coil;

"Hide me!" the gallant cried in affright;

"Cover me up from the Yankee's sight!"

"Heigh-ho! they had him low,

With a bit of salt to hide his woe.

Safely here the chub abroad,

Leaving behind his lame and sword;

And then the Deuce and stod away,

Lest Winslow's guns might have a say;

Landed him in Southampton town,

Where deuce like like had redown,

Even to Lawrence, Perry, and Hull,

Took hold of the horns of great John Bull.

Had I been Winslow, I say to you,

As the sea is green, the sky is blue,

Through the Deverhoof I'd have sent a shot,

And John might have had the thing or not.

Heigh-ho! we are soon or slow,

In the end we are bound to blow.

What said the Frenchman from his hill,

After the canon-shots were still?

What said the Briton from his deck, Gazing down on the sunken wreck?

Something was said of guns like mortars, And something of smooth-bores at close quarters;

Chain armor furnished a word or two, But the end of all was both looked blue.

They sighed again o'er the "Great Contention," But never hinted at "Intervention."

One thing they wished, which they dared not say "If the fight had but gone the other way!"

High-ho! I told you so!

Oh! Semmes was a sorry fool to say! [Phila. Press.]

GEORGE H. BOKER.

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

Notes at the Stock Exchange—July 20.

1860 U. S. \$1, Bl. Rec'd. 1025 50 Metropolitans Gas, 125

1860 do. do. 1025 50 American Gas, 125

1860 U. S. \$1, Corp. 1025 50 Michigan Co., 141

1860 U. S. \$1, 25c. Corp. 1025 50 Copper Iron Mines, 64

1860 U. S. \$1, 25c. Reg'd. 1025 50 Bucka Co. Lead, 200

1860 do. Small, 1025 50 New York Central R. R., 133

1860 U. S. \$1, 6c. Corp. 1025 50 Mich. & N. Y. Central R. R., 133

1860 U. S. \$1, 6c. Corp. 1025 50 Mich. & N. E. RR., 133

1860 U. S. \$1, 6c. Corp. 1025 50 Mich. & N. W. RR., 133

1860 U. S. \$1, 6c. Corp. 1025 50 Cleve. & Pittsb. 100

1860 U. S. \$1, 6c. Corp. 1025 50 Mich. & N. W. RR., 133

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